

The Sky Line Trail



On the Big Hill, Red Earth Valley.

VOL. VII No. 28
OCTOBER 1940



Official Organ of the
Sky Line Trail Hikers
of the Canadian Rockies.

Printed in Canada.



Where the Trail began — Red Earth Valley.

Photo by R. H. Palenske

Our Hikes From The Egypt Lake Camp

By Alan Carscallen

Although camp was pitched in a small glade, quite near Egypt lake, it took some time for all of us to solve the problem of finding the way to the shore line. The credit undoubtedly goes to our ardent fishermen, Carl Rungius, Mr. Gibbon and John Palenske who could not long resist the temptation to try their luck.—And so the problem was solved for all.

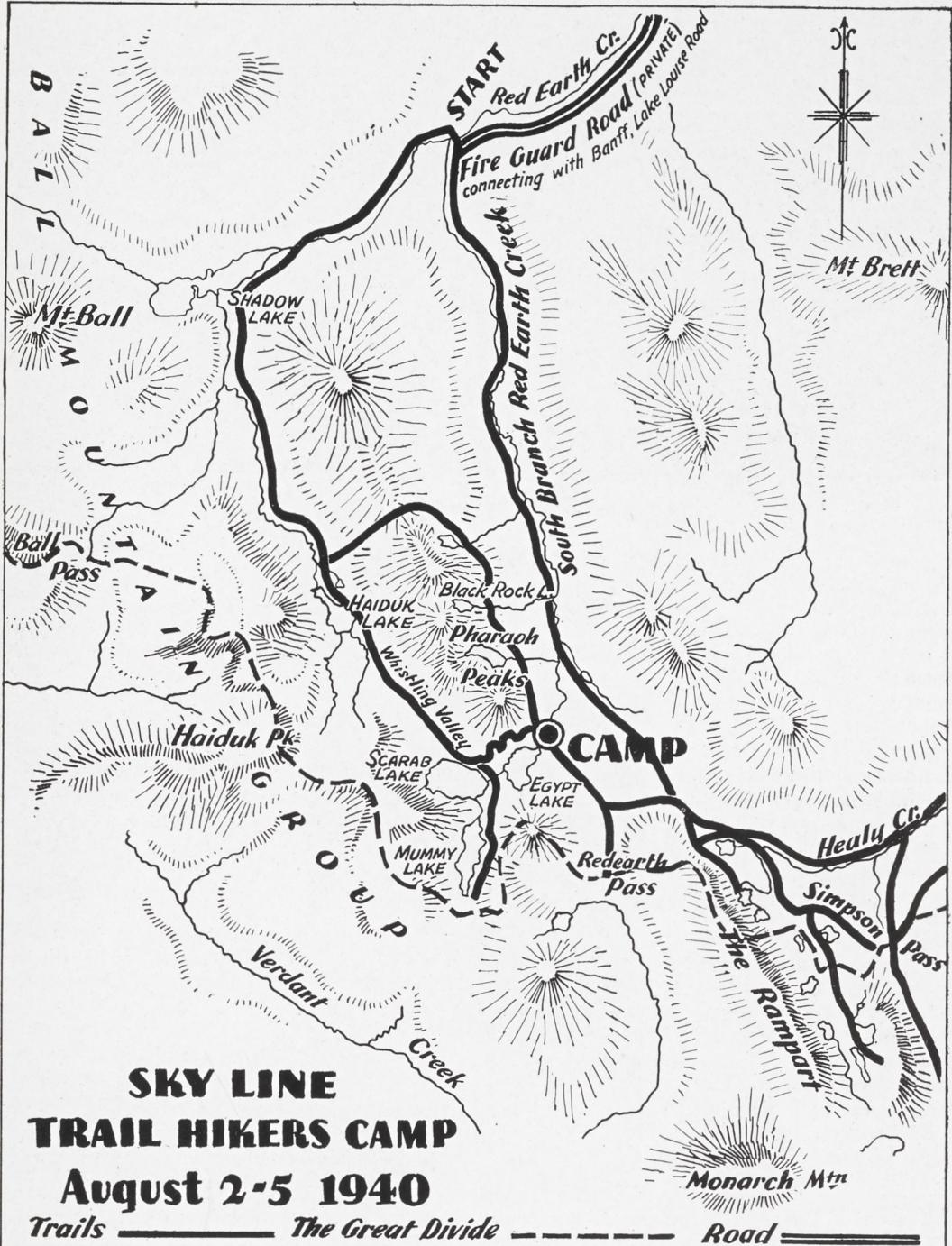
On the first of our two days spent at Egypt Lake the group divided into two main hiking parties. One, with a roll call of fourteen, strolled to near the head of Pharaoh Creek Valley and then started for the ridge that overlooks Simpson Pass. It overlooks Mt. Assiniboine too on a clear day, but luck was not with us. A shower came drifting across the valley as we were nearing timberline, and that gave an excellent excuse to duck under some weather beaten larches and scrubby spruce to eat our sandwiches and make a pail of tea. Later, when it had cleared, and we were nearing the top of the ridge, a sharp breeze was felt mounting from the depths of the valley. Thoughts of a further weather change were dispelled, however, when it was discovered that the breeze was merely

one created by our galloping musician, Allan Crawford, who didn't see us in time to put the brakes on. He was soon called back, however, and gathered up a few emulators to follow in his wake.

Although it was probably two weeks or so beyond the peak of the flower season the Simpson Ridge hikers were delighted by the great profusion of vividly coloured wild flowers that nodded in the larch bordered meadows of the upper Pharaoh Valley.

The other main party, with such doughty hikers as Jane and Mr. Diverty, Dan McCowan, the Whytes, the Westinghouse party, and a host of others, set off for the upper lakeland and the high meadows of the Whistling Pass region. Dr. and Mrs. Winn and Dr. and Mrs. Sherwood not only did some interesting exploring in the Mummy Lake district; they even took to the rocks and had a lot of fun trying to subdue one of the smaller peaks.

The second day of the hike, which dawned bright and clear, was the most energetic for many. Parties were organized for hikes to the Talc Mine, Mummy Lake, Whistling Pass and



Map of Egypt Lake Territory, which was the Scene of this Summer's Annual Camp.



Crossing Pharaoh Creek.

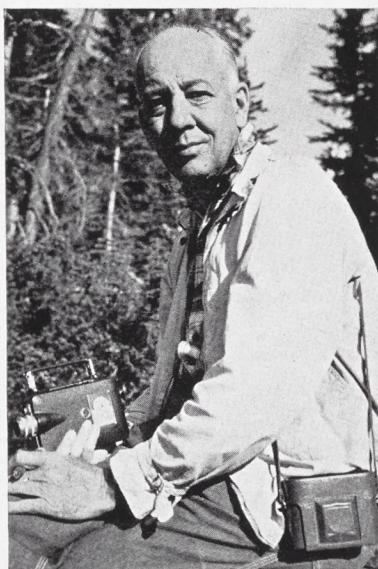
Photo by Lafrenière.

Haiduk Lake. The last mentioned was by far the most exclusive enterprise of the four days,—but no one minded, for Carl Rungius was in his element pulling out good size cutthroat trout, and a few lucky ones really enjoyed helping him eat them. Although reports from the scene of the big haul were a little bit vague, one gathered that Peter and Catherine Whyte were so confident of Carl's prowess as an angler that they carried a frying pan over to Haiduk Lake, built a fire, greased the pan, and sat there with their mouths watering until Carl delivered the goods.—And that wasn't long.

Samples of talc from the abandoned mine were the inspiration for President Sam Ward, the Diverties, and other confirmed souvenir hunters. Not content with making a trip to the mine and returning by the orthodox route, they circumnavigated a spare peak or two and dragged themselves home, hungry and happy, by way of Mummy Lake. Many were inclined to doubt the extent of this trip until it was known that they took Armand Lafrenière with them to record it for posterity on Superpan Press. This was a big day for the high spots too. Mr. and Mrs. Hollander, Miss

Lauer, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss McCowan and the writer strolled about the beautiful scarab Meadows, brewed a cup of tea, and watched several unidentifiable persons clambering about the nearest of the Pharaoh Peaks. We believed one of them was Mr. Vallance who had some trouble with his camera while on the Peak the day before, and could not resist the temptation to return and try his luck again from such a marvellous viewpoint.

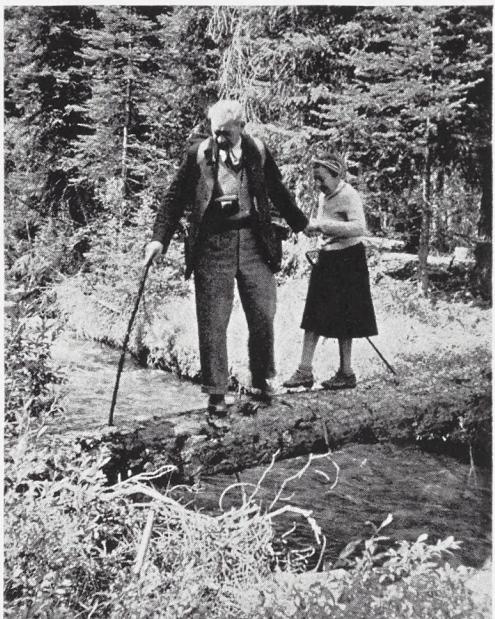
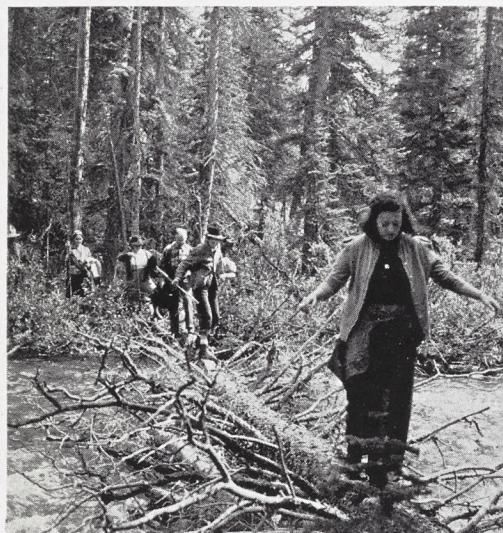
Taking it all in all, this year's hike was one of superlatives. There was no room for improvement on the hiking terrain or the scenery. As for the personnel of the hike,—that is where the superlatives really start! For downright hiking the laurels probably go to Miss Hendrie, who did the Simpson Ridge and the upper lakes in one day, and to Allan Crawford and Lou Shulman who zoomed around the mountains from dawn until dark. For the Vallances undoubtedly win, hands down. It is hard to say who had the most fun, however—the expert hikers, Mr. Reader our encyclopaedic botanist, our charming song leader, Miss Cornell,—or those of us who just go in for "non-specialized" enjoyment. Hats off to Egypt Lake!



Our new President Marshall H. Diverty.
Photo by R. H. Palenske

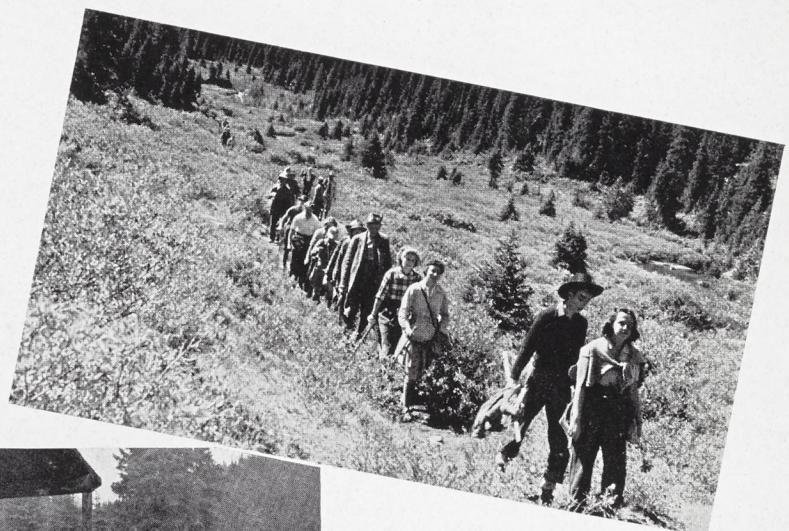


*There's one more river
to cross:*



Photos by R. H. Palenske and Lafrenière
Studies in the art of balancing.

*In Pharaoh Creek
Valley.*



Rest at the Old Cabin



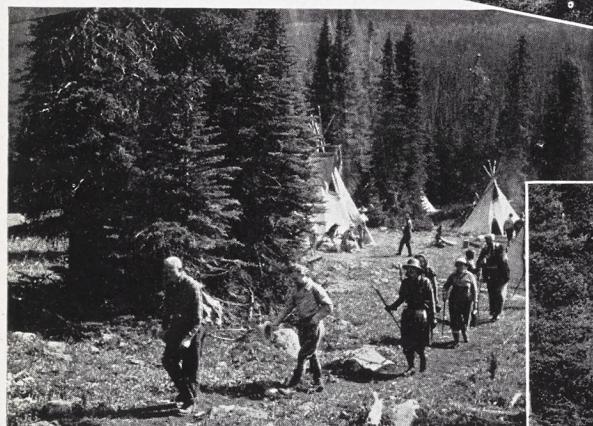
*Camp at Egypt
Lake.*



*Summit of the
Big Hill.*

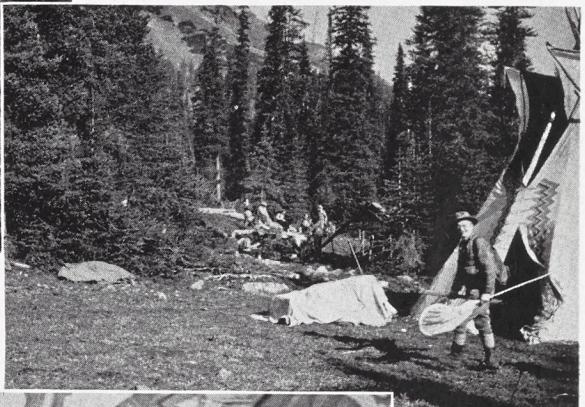
Photos by Lafrenière and R. H. Palenske

The favourite log.



Left:—N. B. Sanson leads the way.

Right:—Carl Rungius off for a butterfly hunt.



John Palenske shows his trophies from Egypt Lake.

Photos by Lafrenière and R. H. Palenske

On the Sky Line of the Canadian Rockies

by Mary Sieburth

Bright and early on the morning of Friday August the second, nineteen hundred and forty, an important date for many of us—had we not been measuring time on the calendar by these dates?—August two to five, and the interim, a cheery crowd of hikers foregathered around the corner entrance of the Mount Royal Hotel, Banff. Eight o'clock was the time set, but long before that time hikers had begun to assemble, in singles, doubles and groups, bustling about, giving a last dump and tie to their dunnage bags, others extricating needed accoutrement for the trail, before giving the final heave to the baggage lorry. Many of the old time residents of Banff to whom the hike is an annual event, had turned out to greet the newcomers. Most of the former had been along on the Trail Ride, and although I had only met them then for the first time, it seemed like meeting old friends again. Had we not, just one short week ago, but seeming ages past, met right here, thrilled with the anticipation of riding through the Rockie Mountain trails, had we not camped together, drenched together, dried out together, joked and sang together around the evening campfires, with a two day interval in between to limber up, clean up, and rest up, but mostly to limber up? Frankly I had spent most of my time doing just that, five days on horseback for one not used to it . . . well, it does things to you . . . in places . . . however it had its compensations; and having restored my limbs to hiking dimensions again I was ready once more for the trails. Most all the other faces were new to me, strangers, but not for long. A fine strapping young girl came up to me, smiled broadly and said, "My name's Jean Vallance, I'm from Calgary, where are you from?" "I'm from Vancouver I replied, Mary Sieburth is my name." "Call me Jean, do you mind if I call you Mary?" I certainly didn't, this Mr., Mrs., and Miss prefix has always been problematical with me, I wonder who started it all anyway, and so Jean had started us right, broken the ice, and it didn't take us long to get around and acquainted each with the other. It was a nice friendly spirit to start out to camp in; one could feel it throughout the four days we spent together up there in the mountains. Taking us all around, we were a medley throng, buckskin coats, ski suits, Indian sweaters, riding breeches, plus fours, shorts, slacks, skirts, cowboy hats, straw hats, felt hats, helmets, no hats, herchiefs, edge nailed boots, hob nailed boots, just boots, brogues, shoes, running shoes, no line of demarkation here apparently come as you please. We

presented an interesting study of reflected personalities in our outward appearance. Young hikers, old hikers, and middle aged hikers, ranging from fourteen to the late seventies, hikers from most every Province in Canada, hikers from many of the United States, but hikers all . . . brought together and held together by one common bond, our love for the out of doors. After a while a contingent of large open cars began drawing up at the kerb, we piled in and were off. Although a nice day, the wind was cold and the speed limit in Banff seems to be—infinity. The hoods being down so we could enjoy the scenery; we had been provided with a big red blanket, fore and aft. These we sat on at first, next we pulled them over our knees, then after a while as the speed increased and the velocity of the wind likewise, well, we might just as well be truthful, although it is painful at times, yes, we submerged altogether . . . scenery or no scenery. On reaching our destination, Massive, at Red Earth Creek, it didn't take us long to get out from under cover, get an alpenstock in hand and hit the trail. My, but it was good to feel the soft turf beneath one's feet, get into a good swing and stride, and fill one's lungs with the clean fragrant woodsy perfumed air. It was a nice shady trail through the woods and an easy grade. Dan McCowan set off first and gave us the pace, with a halt for a breather every once in a while. We took our time; there was nothing to hurry about. A few spartans struck out on their own, knowing the trail, not deigning to wait for the masses, disregarding even the demands of the inner man until they reached camp. We, however, visited many friends, renewing old-time acquaintances by the sides of the trail in our more leisurely gait. We found the Winter-green family very much at home in their mossy green fernery, a regular family reunion, arrayed in pinks, yellows and greens, their bells modestly turning earthwards in contrast to the upturned starry waxen white countenance of cousin Uniflora, Single Delight. Others in the Heath domicile were White Mountain Rhododendron, Menziesia, Labrador Tea, and Kalmia, although past their best in bloom. The bright yellow, rose like flowers of the Shrubby Cinquefoil with its silver toned foliage was a joy throughout woodland trail and meadow alike; belonging to the Rose family it also had many relatives by the wayside of which the Wild Strawberry made the next best showing, yielding even of its tart red fruit to eyes quick of perception. The fragrant Twin Flower with its glossy green leaves

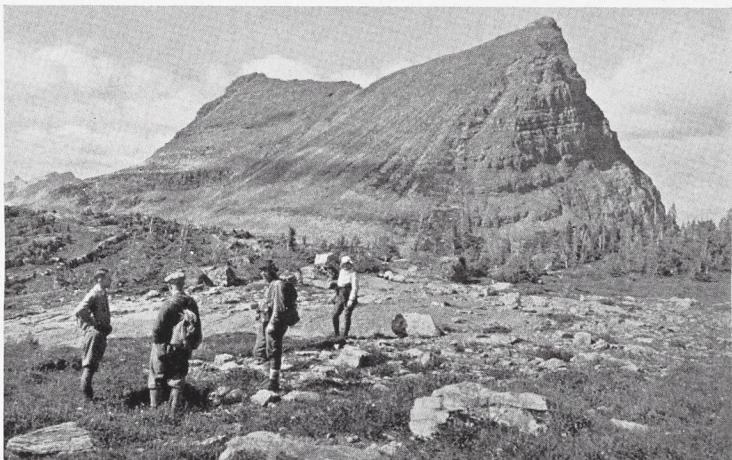
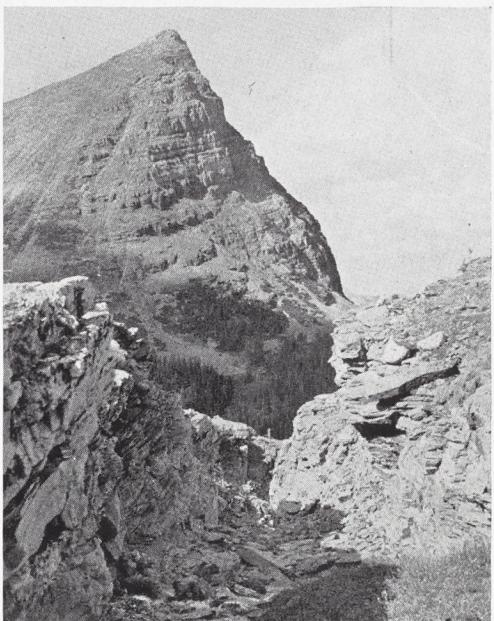
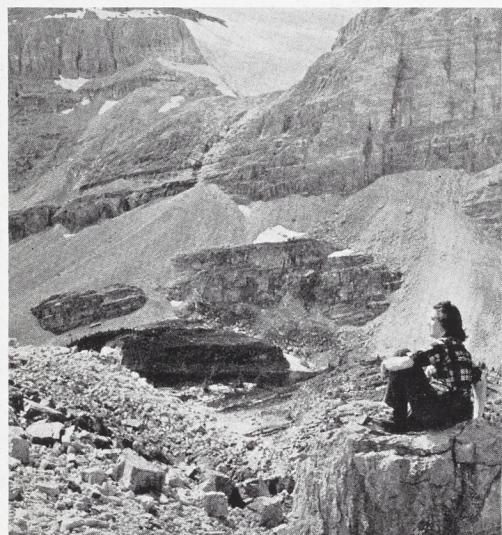


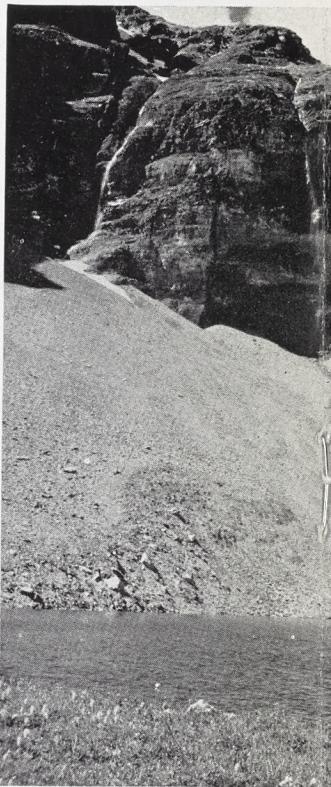
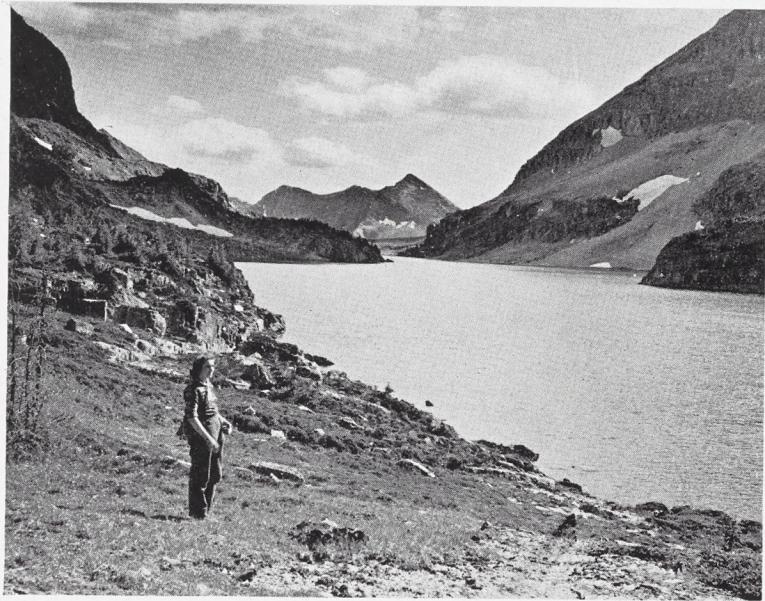
Top: Scarab Lake

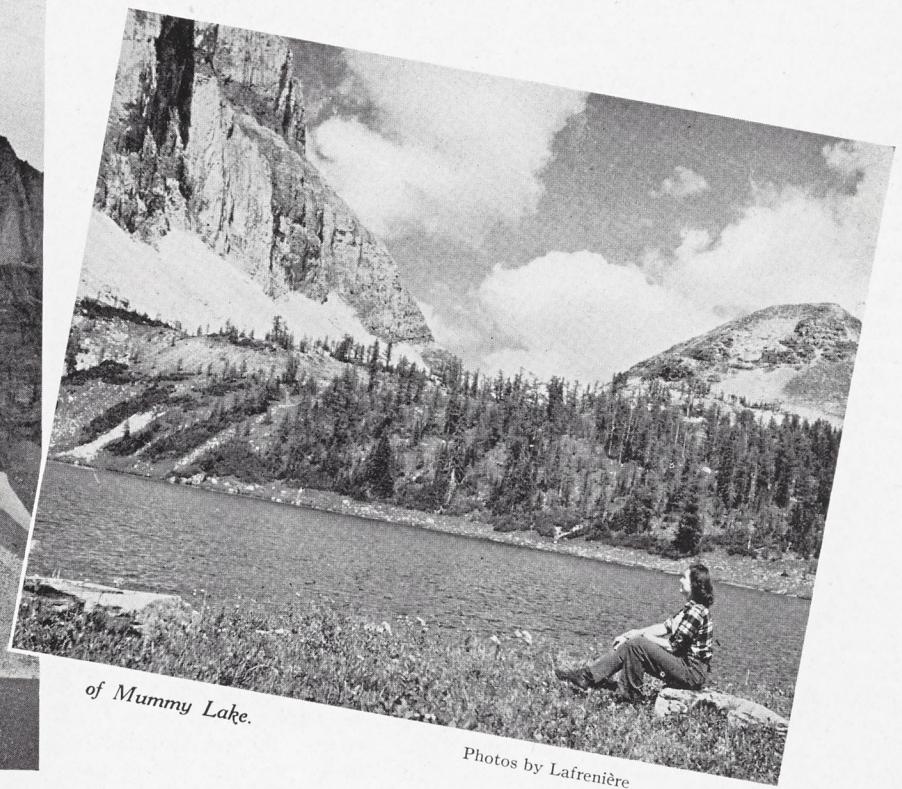
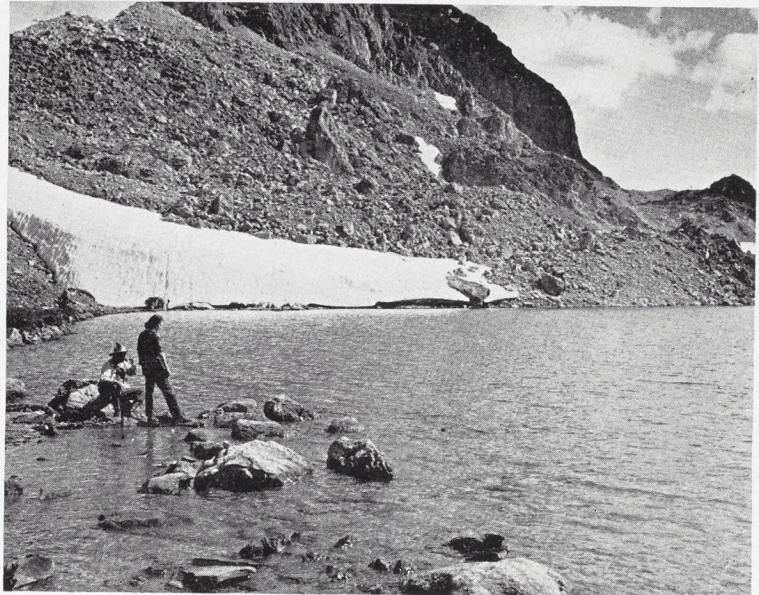
*Middle: Scarab Lake
and Pharaoh Peak.*

Below: Pharaoh Peak.

Photos by Lafrenière







of Mummy Lake.

Photos by Lafrenière

and its delicate pink bells growing in pairs was very much at home trailing over fallen tree and rocky lodge alike in the cool shady arbour of Spruce and Balsam. Belonging to the Honey-suckle family, it is one of the nomads and knows no boundary lines; it is just as much at home in the Arctic circle, as it is south of the Border.

It was well after mid-day before we reached the appointed place for lunch, an old rangers cabin in the meadows. Our Cafeteria had caught up to us in the persons of Claude Brewster and Steve Kootney and the ever faithful pack horse. Fires were blazing in no time and after helping ourselves to sandwiches of various fillings, cake or doughnut, depending on your constitution, we indulged in tea and coffee. Some started out with tea and finished with coffee, and vice versa; three of each seemed to be a fair average . . . After a stretch out on the heath we pulled up our socks and started out on the trail again. Out in the meadows for the most part now, and still following the bed of the South branch of the Red Earth Creek, with an occasional crossing, we found other families of flowers living harmoniously together, enjoying each others company in marshy moistness and meadow slope. False Hellebore, not yet in bloom but lush in foliage, Stenanthium or Golden Bells, tall Zygadene, all members of the Lily family, and worthy of our consideration as they grow, toiling not, neither spinning, yet clad in regal vesture, incomparable with the adornment of earthly kings — the lilies of the field. The Saxifrage family like to keep company with them, dainty and lacelike; they, as their name implies live among the broken rocks — saxa fraga—in alpine stream beds. Quite a few of the Alpine variety were still in profusion of bloom, the Lyalls' saxifrage showing communistic tendencies by this time, having bloomed much earlier. Their colourful red seed pods aflame against green of moss and lichen covered pebble, arresting the attention of even the less botanical minded, calling forth their admiration.

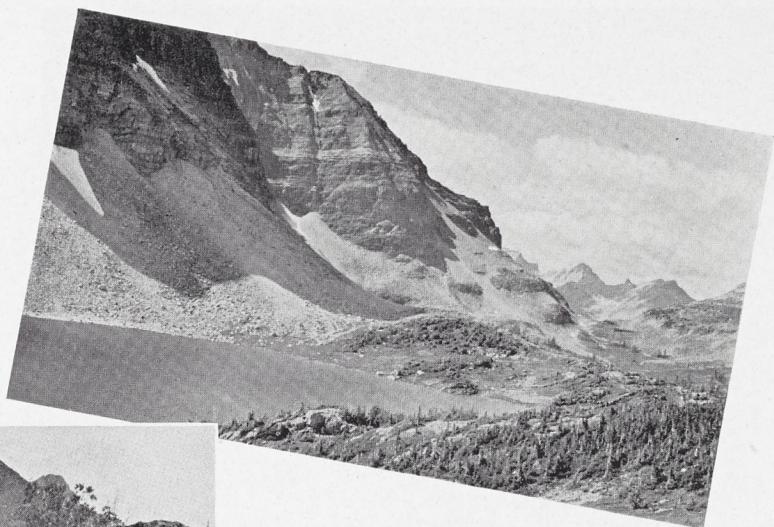
But the gem of them all was the Grass of Parnassus, growing in such profusion as to make one wonder why such queenly beauty should have such exotic name. It seems the botanists didn't have a name for it, but as in many another instance, the Greeks had . . .

Their chaste purity of bloom on tall slender stem made striking contrast to the flame of the Willow Herb or Fire weed of which we found three varieties, Great, Water and Dwarf or Alpine. Members of the Evening Primrose family, they might well be classified as natures' beauticians, glorifying the blackened wastes of fireswept lands with tall spikes of flame and green herbage with gracious haste. And then there was the deep blue of the Harebell or Bluebell, Campanula family, nodding and gambolling

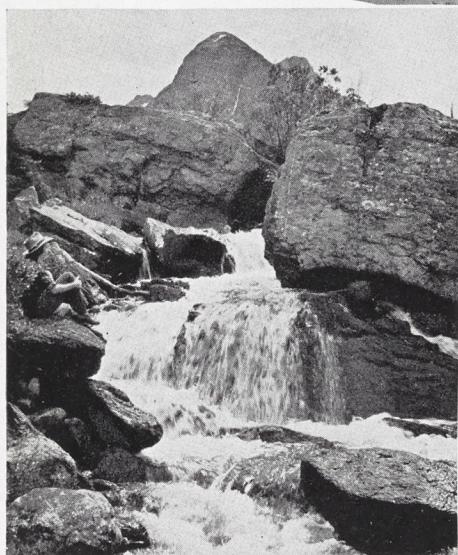
with every breeze on their slender hair-like stems . . . reminding one of happy childhood days spent on the moors of Scotland, where they keep similar company with the Bell Heather and Empetrum or Crowberry. Strange how a little blue flower can transport one through years of time and space, over continents and oceans. It was pleasant traversing the meadows, dodging in and out of the shrubbery of Willow, Cinquefoil and Juniper, jumping from stone to stone at creek crossings or walking a timber at deeper water. Finally we came to the home stretch, a grand place for a canter on a horse, if you had one . . . On voicing this observation someone said. "It must be quite a comedown for you—hiking after riding". Comedown indeed! shanks' mare is good enough for me any day. I like to feel my feet on terra firma.

The ground squirrels or Gophers were making merry here, popping in and out of holes and squeaking, and then the campsite came in view. A nice sheltered place among tall Larch and Balsam trees, tents and teepees dotted about, looking very picturesque with the blue smoke drifting skywards and the formidable Pharaoh peaks as sheltering background. It had been a grand hike in, not too hot, a breeze every now and then, and a sprinkle of rain. It was good to get in to camp though, and greet our smiling Irish cook and his cheery helpers again. When I saw that team, I knew we were in for some right royal meals. Had they not under primitive accommodation and adverse weather conditions, fed and sheltered us through the five days of the trail ride? It was nice to gather around the big fire and feel the warmth and comfort of it on ones back. By the time we'd had supper and claimed our dunnage, found our teepees and inmates for the "duration" it was time for cocoa by the fire and so to sleep. Leaving my destiny, in the way of tentmates, in the hands of Alan Carscallen, who by the way is a very good person to entrust with anything, be it baggage, tent-mates, or what have you . . . He's a manager from the word go, as I had already found out on the ride. Mrs. James (Billie) Simpson from BOW and Rev. Ruth Conant, from Hartford, Conn., and I shared a teepee. Billie made a grand fire in the teepee and rounded up lots of wood; it comes as second nature to her, and we talked into the wee sma' hours o' the mornin' I'm afraid . . . Billie philosophizing and Ruth and I taking it all in and wondering where we had been when the good Lord handed out the gift of the gab. However Ruth apparently wasn't far behind her, as she demonstrated in her campfire talk the next evening. Eventually we slept, and morning found us up and raring to go. After a breakfast, a la loggie, the camp broke up into hiking parties, fishing parties, photographic parties and stay at camp parties.

*Right: Talc Mine Lake
Red Earth Pass.*



Below: Outlet of lake.



*View from and
scenery at the
Talc Mine, Red
Earth Pass.*

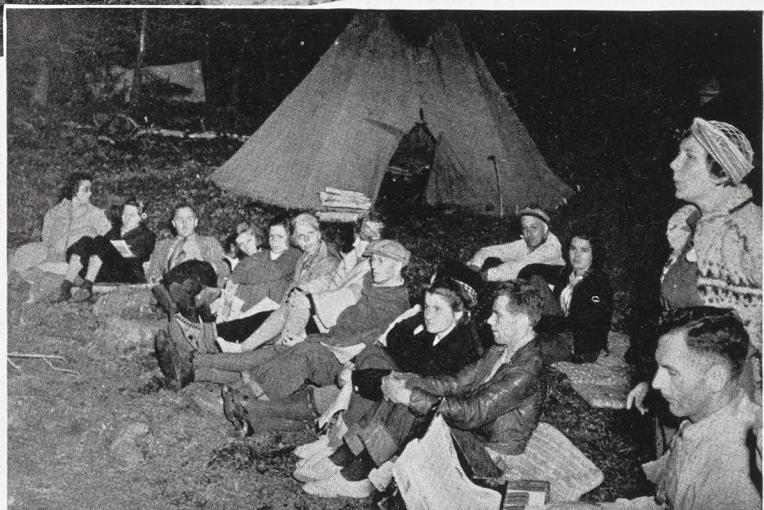
Photos by
Lafrenière



Rehearsing "Hi-did-dee-dee"



Sing-song round the Camp Fire.



"There'll always be an England".

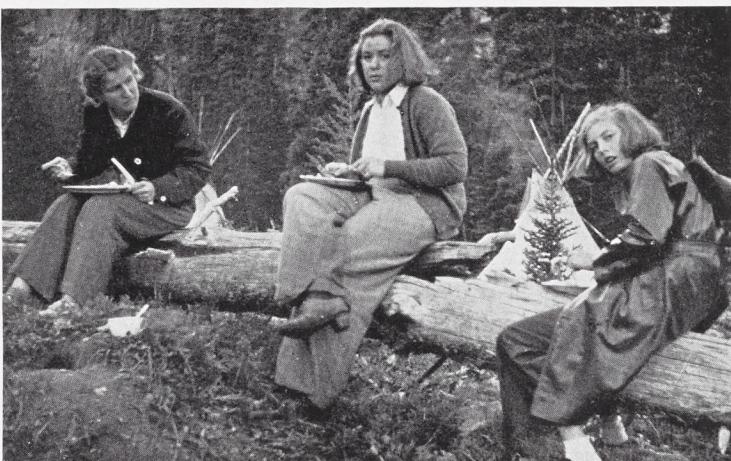
Photos by Lafrenière and R. H. Palenske



*Two's company —
L. W. Shulman,
Grace Jean Cornell
and
Marcella Moodie.*



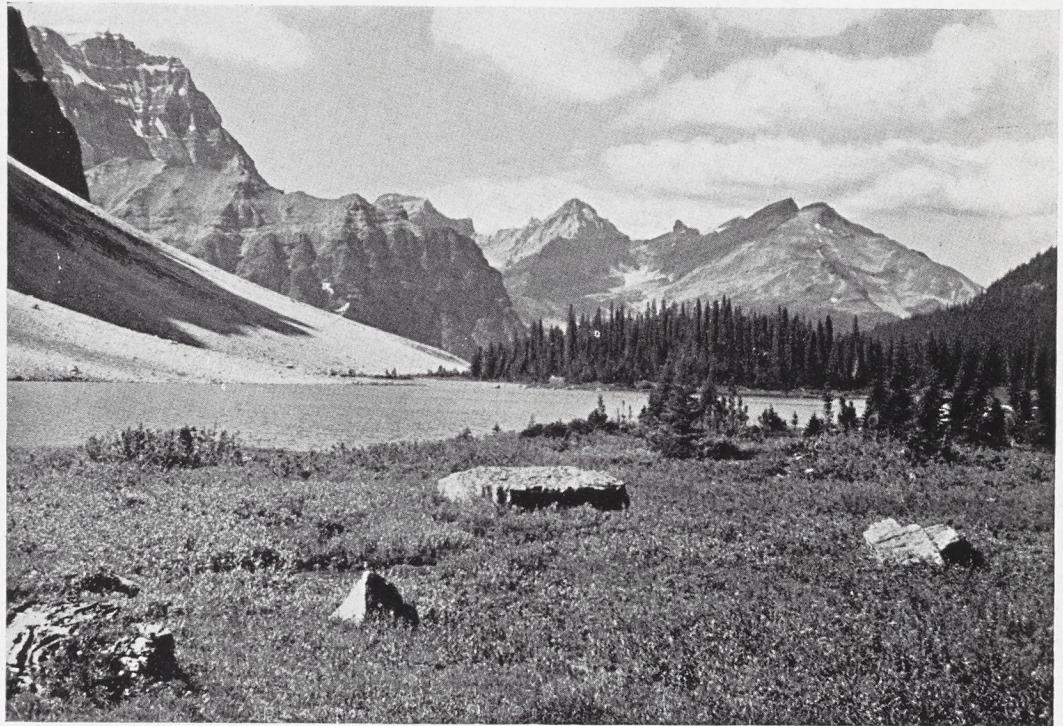
Food.



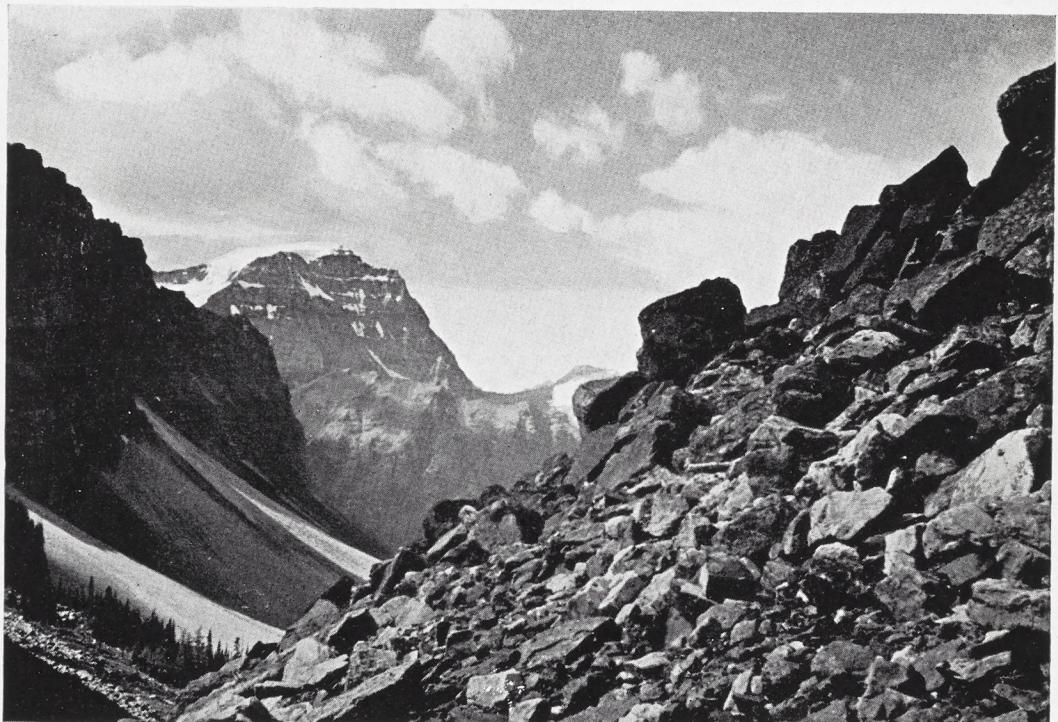
The Cook.

*Mrs. West-
inghouse,
Miss West-
inghouse and
Miss Brock-
lebank.*

Photos by R. H. Palenske and Lafrenière

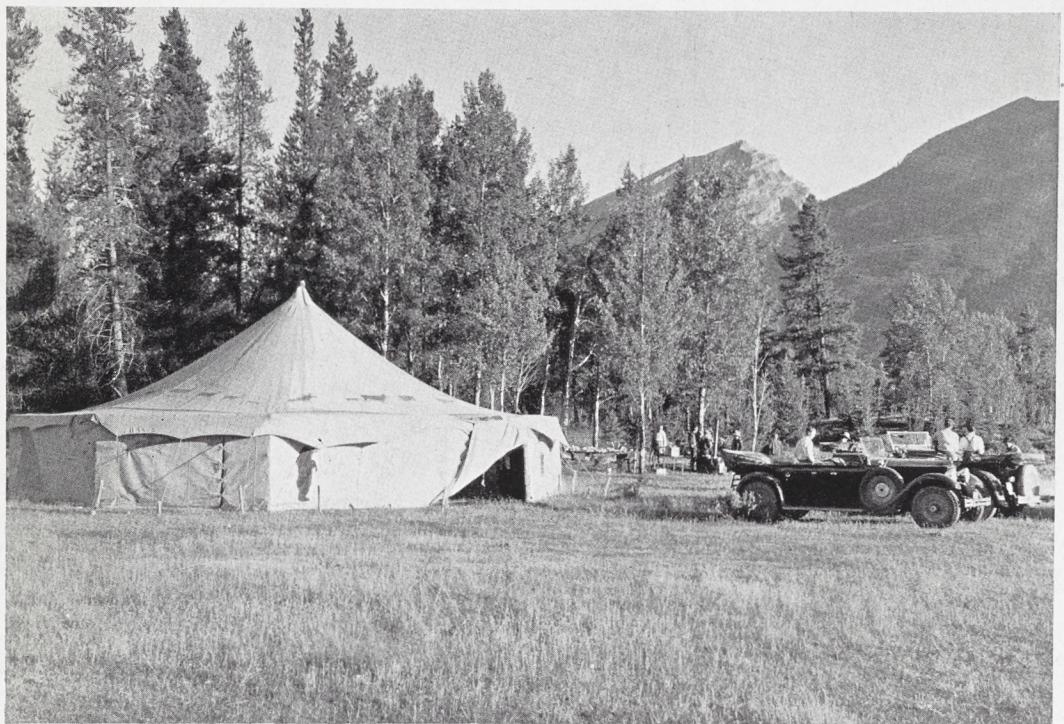


Haiduk Lake and Mount Ball.

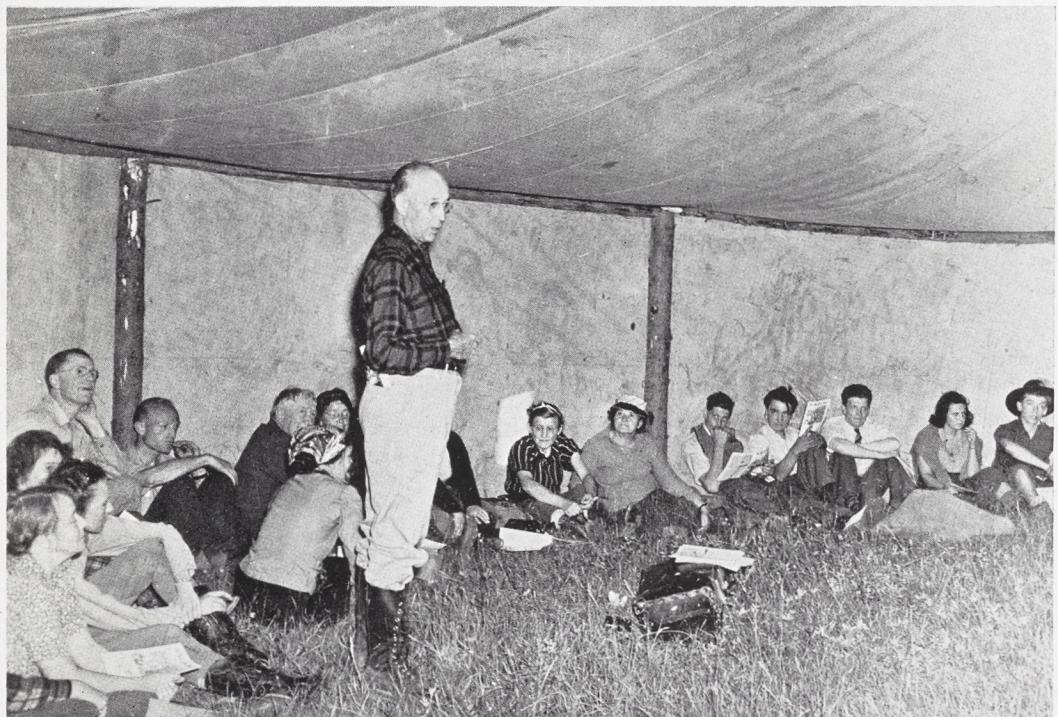


Photos by Carl Rungius

Mount Ball from Whistling Pass.



The Pow Wow Tent at Hillsdale.



Photos by Lafrenière

Marshall H. Diverly makes his inaugural address as President.

Having only two full days in camp, I decided to make the most of them and set out for an all day trip over the Simpson pass with the party conducted by Alan Carscallen. The wide stretch of meadowland slopes with its multitudinous array of flowers, the purples of the Asters, the yellows of the Arnica and Fleabane, the pale Valerian and the bright colouring of the paintbrush will even remain a memory. I have done some mountaineering in my time but never have I seen such a range in colouring. Instead of the usual vermillion tints native to the coast, the paintbrush seemed to have gone completely modern, ranging from the deepest of cerise all the way down the shade card to the palest of shell pink with grey shadings. There was also a pure white which I have never encountered before; they are usually tinted with a greenish hue. I noticed the stones and rocks had also this rosy colouring through grey and black. The fields of waving plumes of the tow-headed baby, Western Anemone, and the seed pods of the Avalanche Lily, would indicate a veritable paradise on earth at the time of blooming; even in seed they were a picture. After an occasional glimpse of the sun, we ran into a hail storm, or it ran into us I should rather say. It's amazing how these storms blow around up in the mountains; you can just see them shifting around — most fascinating. We made for the nearest covert, and, as it was close to lunch time, decided to utilise the enforced delay in making a fire and having some tea. It always amazes me how these guides can kindle a fire and produce boiling water in next to no time, in rain and wind. After lunch the party split, some returning by a different route and the others climbing the ridge for a view of Mt. Assiniboine and surrounding peaks. Those who did were well repaid for their efforts.

On reaching camp, we found others had also had a grand day, each in his or her own way. The stay at homes had not been doing nothing either, a splendid evenings' entertainment had been drawn up, the secretary having concocted a brand new song, to a catchy tune, to add to his others. Billie Simpson was master of ceremonies, Allan Crawford was at the accordian, Grace Jean Cornell was leading the sing song, energetically and demonstratively. The words of the new song expressed the sentiments of the entire camp, judging by its reception.

Hi-didle-dee-dee, a hikers' life for me,

In hobnail boots and cowboy jeans

And appetite for pork and beans.

Hi-diddle-dee-doo, I'll bid all care adieu,

And hike the trails the Indians made,

Through Alpine meadow and forest shade,

Where up and down we make the grade,

A hikers' life for me . . .

Sam Ward had everyone holding their sides

as he gave several recitations in dialect, Dan McCowan gave us an idea of how our feathered and furred friends are shod for hiking, and William Reader, noted Botanist told us how he had planned and made a garden of native plants at Calgary. The next day being Sunday it was treated more or less as an at home day, against the pending exertions of the trek back in the morning. However feeling we wanted to see as much as we could while we could, we set off for Scarab and Egypt Lake, thinking we could do that in the morning and laze around in the afternoon. Alas and alack I met in with Allan Crawford and Marcella Moodie, who inveigled me into going up Pharaoh peak. They had been watching a Rock Coney laying in her harvest of hay for the winter under lee of a large rock. High up on the peak several goats could be seen stepping nimbly from crag to crag. Several more goats, three to be quite precise on two legs, decided to join them, however it wasn't long until they were on all fours, like the wiser goats and descending, the rocks and shale being too much for them. Many of the rarer Alpine plants and butterflies were seen at this elevation and some interesting geology specimens secured, rewarding us for our efforts. Returning to less dizzy heights we walked along the lake shore to the waterfalls which connect the two lakes, a truly beautiful walk. One just stood with breath abated and drank it in, as an Eastern American said to me coming out on the train "If it's going to be much grander than this, I just can't bear it" . . . On our way back we met Carl Rungius with a big catch of trout, from Haiduk Lake, I sampled them for breakfast and, they were delicious. We also met Sam Ward who was bringing back a slab of talc from the abandoned talc mine higher up. I was glad to get back to camp and flop down on my bed for a stretcher. This was my day of rest. Ruth who is a well equipped traveller was sitting by her little stove in the teepee, looking happy as a lark; she had a cup of tea ready in no time—it sure went to the right spot, we'd missed out on tea for lunch. After a hearty repast we gathered around the camp fire for a last sing song. Some believed in solid comfort and brought their mattresses along with them, while others wrapped themselves in a blanket. We had the organ as accompaniment that night and as we sat or stood around the blazing logs of the fire with the shades of evening closing in around, the tall trees pointing heavenward and the lofty peaks standing like gaunt sentinels in the twilight, we felt at one with the source of all being, as the notes of the organ droned out in the hushed silence of the cool night air, blending with our voices . . . "Before the hills in order stood or earth received her frame, from everlasting Thou art God to endless years the same".

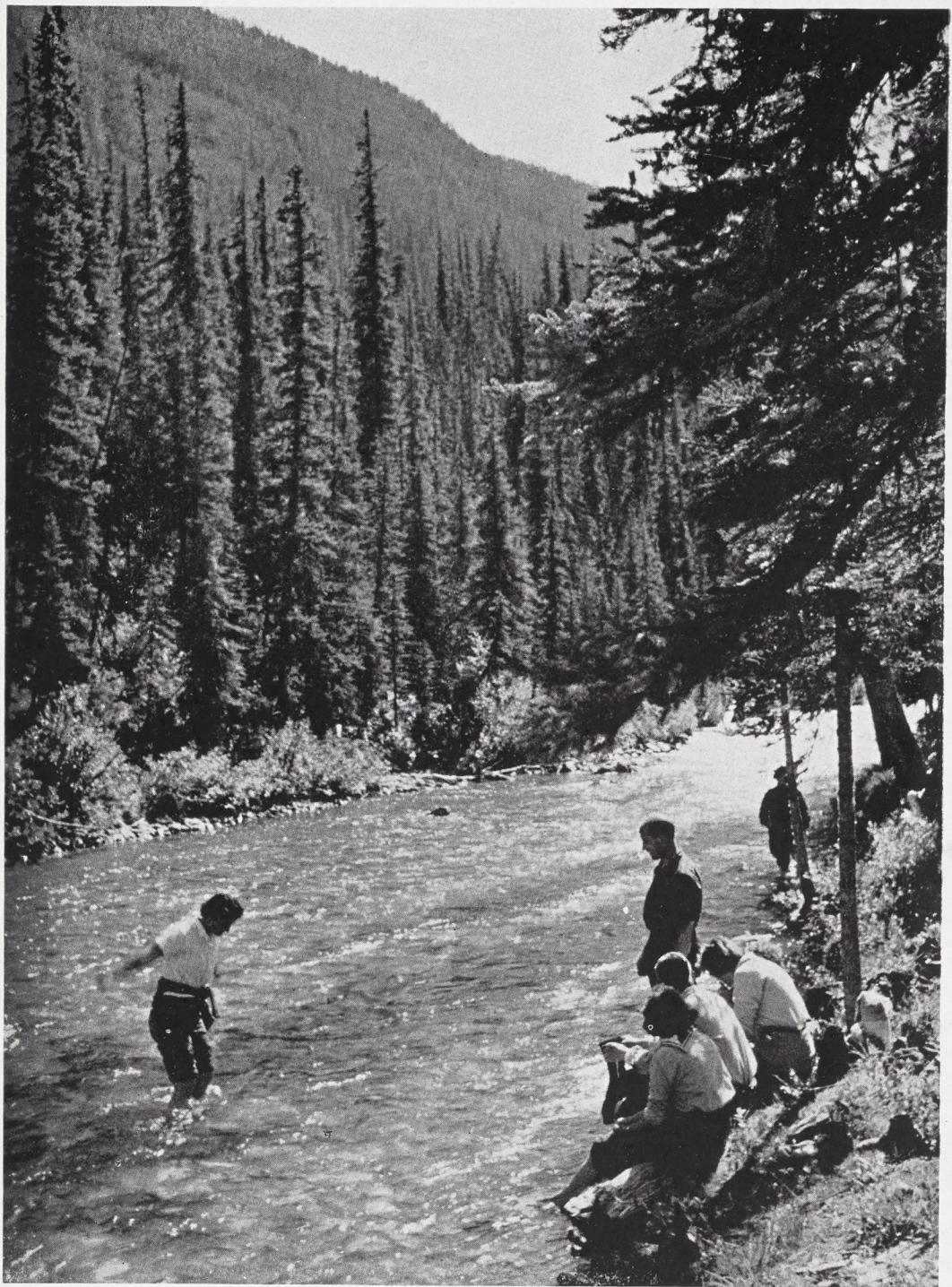


Photo by Lafrenière

Cooling off at the end of the hike in Red Earth Creek.

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